WHIPS A WHIPPER LUCKY BOB'S

Justice of the Peace Uses Lash on Wife Beater.

LAW WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH

Albert Gey Had a Habit of Attacking His Wife So Judge Hayden Tried Successfuly a Mode of Punishment Not on the Books.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Nov. 29.-Justice of the Peace J. F. Hayden of Swoyersville used a horsewhip to vigorously thrash Albert Gey of the same place, who is a chronic wife beater and who had again beaten and badly injured his wife. She went to the office of Justice Hayden and told how her husband had brutally beaten her and asked that he be punished.

"I'll punish him properly this time," the justice declared and sent a constable for Gey. When the prisoner arrived he found the justice in his shirt sleeves and armed with a heavy horse-

"Take your cost off and get down on your knees, you brute!" roared the magistrate. "The law does not provide proper punishment for the likes of you, so I'll give you a taste of the medicine you like to administer."

Swish! fell the whip across Gey's shoulders, and other blows followed as the man jumped about the room begging for mercy and protesting that he would behave himself in the future and never strike his wife again.
"You bet you will not!" the justice

cried, slashing Gey about the legs and body, "because I'll teach you not to," and he continued the thrashing until he was out of breath.

"Now go home," he said to the weeping and cowed man, "and, remember, It is your duty to love and protect your wife, for if you ever beat her again I'll give you a double dose of this," and he shook the whip in the frightened man's face.

JOE TO CHAMP-"WHY SMILE?"

"Just Thinking," Said the Next Speaker; "That's All."

Washington, Nov. 29. - Uncle Joe Caunon and Champ Clark will journey to New York together tomorrow. They have accepted invitations to take part in the Mark Twain memorial exercises to be held at Carnegie hall. Uncle Joe was munching his lunch in the house happened to be standing together in a restaurant today when Mr. Clark ap-

"How are you, Uncle Joe? Glad to see you," said Mr. Clark with a smile. "Glad to see you, Champ. What are you smiling about?"

"Oh, I dunno," replied the Missouri-"I was just thinking, that's all."

November elections. Then it was arranged that the speaker and the prospective speaker should go to New York together.

"They will have a chance to talk over the house rules," said a friend of Un- woman should not marry a man though cle Joe's, "He will tell Champ just she loves him. There is no reason what the office of speaker will amount why she should marry him if she to without the power to name committees. Champ's wavering on the proposition now, although the chances are he will not be able to run away from his record."

FORMER U. S. MINISTER DEAD.

G. F. Seward, Who Was Sent to China, Died of Hardening of Arteries.

New York, Nov. 29.-George Frederick Seward, for seventeen years the president of the Fidelity and Casualty company, is dead at his home here. He had been in ill health two months. He died unexpectedly of hardening of

Mr. Seward was the nephew of William H. Seward, Lincoln's secretary of state, and his grandfather was John Seward, a colonel in the revolution. He was born in 1840 in Florida, N. Y. When twenty-one years old Mr. Seward followed his uncle's example and entered public life, his first place being that of United States consul to Shanghat. In 1875 he was appointed minister to China.

HOLD ENGLISH IMPORTER.

A Charge of False Entry Brought Against C. A. Walters.

New York, Nov. 29. - Clarence A. Walters, a British subject, the American representative and partner of John F. Brigg & Sons, woolen importers, with headquarters in Bradford, England, and offices in this city, has been arrested on the complaint of Wil-

liam H. Williams, customs agent. The complaint charges Walters with entering a case of woolen cloth at less than its true value. Waiters could not furnish \$10,000 bail and was locked in the Tombs.

TALE OF THE WEATHER.

Observations of the United States weather bureau taken at 8 p. m. yesterday follow:

	emp.	Weather.
New York		Rain
Albany	38	Cloudy
Atlantic City	46	Rain
Boston	40	Cloudy
Buffalo	38	Rain
Chicago	30	Cloudy
St. Louis	34	Clear
New Orleans		Clear
Washington	32	Rain

How a Light In a Window Caused a Villain's Downtall.

By HOWARD FIELDING. Copyright, 1910, by American Press Asso-

ciation.1 His name was Robert Bryce. He was an attorney, and the law of patents was the field wherein he reaped an excellent harvest of fees.

friends called him "Lucky Bob." A man would naturally prefer to have his successes credited to his ability rather than to his luck, yet it was not for this reason that Bryce disliked als nickname. It offended him because It was a lie. The fates had done him an III turn, and all their favors were but mockeries.

Three years ago, when Bryce was twenty-six, he met Martin L. Randall, who paid him well for a small professional service. The money came just in the nick of time, for Bryce was struggling hard to get a footbold in independent practice. Randall was a tich man. He had manufacturing interests of various kinds, involving the use of patented machinery and the making of patented articles. He took a fancy to Bryce, intrusted him with important affairs, kept him in funds, advised him in the investment of his surplus, invited him to his home.

Friendship sprang up between the men despite the great difference in their years. They were constantly seen together. It was current talk that Bryce's fortune was made, and his college nickname, Lucky Bob, was heard again on the lips of his associates.

On his first visit to Randall's home Bryce dined with the family, only one of whom had a drop of blood in common with Randall. This was his sister, a widow and childless. The others were a Mrs. Loring and her daughter Amy and a young man named Ballard Dillon. Randall had been a cavalry officer in the civil war and in those days capable of romantic friendships Mrs. Loring was the widow of a comrade in arms. Dillon was the son of another. The lady had been left with some small means in trust with Ran-Dillon was a penniless orphan who had failen into the lap of luxury.

Amy Loring was not yet eighteen when Bryce first saw her. She seemed to him a very pretty and well bred girl and nothing more.

The first warning that Bryce recelved came from Randall at the house one evening. Amy and Dillon good light and accidentally posed with some artistic value.

"A bandsome couple," said Randail, who was an admirer of personal beauty, like most other people who have been blessed with a share of it.

It was not long after this that Ranfail conveyed to Bryce definitely the Then there was some talk about the intelligence that Amy and Dillon were intended for each other. Increasing misery was Bryce's portion from that bour, and the word "lucky" coupled with his name was bitter mockery.

There may be many reasons why a



"A HANDSOME COUPLE," SAID RANDALL. loves him not. All debts are canceled, all gratitude vanishes, the wisdom of wise counselors is folly, the dictates of worldly prudence are as rash as madness, if they urge toward marriage without love.

Such was Bryce's philosophy, and you may imagine his feelings at the spectacle presented in Randall's home Mrs. Loring and Randall were creatures of unchangeable decision. They had decided upon this marriage long ago. The idea of it had grown into their bones. As for Amy, she had known Dillon since her childhood and had liked him and disliked him and quarreled with him and made it up.

The girl exerted a strong attraction upon Dillon, and there were moments when he fancied himself deeply in love with her. These were the moments of encouragement when he seemed to see a way out of the troubles into which he had fallen of late years through a course of elaborate duplicity and secret extravagance. For the most part he had too many worries to think of love. His pillow was not haunted by images of beauty. He saw Shylocks and shysters and the wolfish faces of third rate Wall street brokers, and even the helmeted po-German and grim visaged jailer figured in the worst of his visions,

Dillop's situation and character were unknown to Bryce, who charged his constantly recurring doubt of the

jealousy. He did not deay to himselthat he was jentous and was no ashumed of it so many as it did not be tray him to any dishoner.

In June of the third year of blocom neerlon with Rundall accurred the trial of an important case. A put of money was on the table, and the la sues reached far beyond the visibastake. Bryce had prepared carefully and was confident of success.

Randall was defendant. The witnesses for the other side were heard first. They appeared upon the stand and every mother's son of them testi fied with an apparent perfect knowl. edge of what was to come from the defense. The true inwardness of the defense was a profound secret. Yes all these people had been carefulty coached to meet it. The father of lies could not have inspired them with a better story.

The case dragged through many days, but in the earlier stages Bryce was well aware that he had been be trayed. Apparently the leak must be in his own office, but he could not trace it. He felt that he was beaten and knew not how it had been done.

Randall was bitterly disappointed. He gave up the case for lost and as soon as his own testimony was in fled to rural scenes, as was his custom when in a bad mood. He and the Lorings and Ballard Dillon went to the Muskoka lakes, in the highlands of Ontario. Randall had some thought of buying extensive property there and building a summer residence.

Bryce was left to struggle with the case and with the tortures of hopeless love. In the afternoon of the day be fore he was to make his argument he came from the courtroom at the close of the session and crossed to a big office building where there was a restaurant. An acquaintance joined him

"Did you know," said this man in the course of a rambling conversation. "that Bally Dillon had an office here?" Bryce knew no reason why Dillon should have an office anywhere.

"On the fifth floor, No. 528," said the man. "I don't know what he does. There's no name on the door. But I've seen people going in."

"What sort of people?" asked Bryce. "A tall, high nosed, lawyer looking old chap and a stocky man with chin whisker."

"Is that so?" said Bryce, and he pursued the subject no further.

When he had finished his luncheon he went to the office of the agents of the building, Harvey & Long. The latter had been his classmate at college.

building," said Bryce. "I want to get into it. "No such man here," answered Long.

"Ballard Dillon has a room in this

"Who's in 528?" "Gentleman of the name of Robin-

"Take me down there. Get the

Long stared at him and then took a pass key from a rack.

Room 528 was furnished in a style of arid simplicity. There were two hairs and a desk. Bryce took up one of the chairs and broke the desk's lock. "You may have me arrested for this tomorrow, Jimmie," said he, "but don't bother me now."

He searched the desk, made up a package of papers, chiefly memoranda began to drive off short at a lively in pencil, and turned to Long, who rate. Bryce looked up at the cliff and was fluttering about in a high fever. "Sit down," said Brece, "I'll tell

you a story." The story served its purpose and reduced Long to a state of reasonable

Three days later, about sunset, Bryce landed from a steamer on the called the Cliff. There was an unusual number of people on the pier for so early in the season. Obviously the Cliff had made a better start than its competitor.

In the steep path which led to the hotel Bryce met Amy Loring, and despite the dusk he saw at once that she was changed. Her habitual manner had been somewhat grave. It was now all sprightliness and the thrill of joyous life. She walked like a wood nymph under the great arch of trees. and there was magic in her glance.

Bryce, on the contrary, was depressed by his errand, which burdened him with the most serious questions of duty. He felt the gloom that was upon him and was not surprised that Amy should mistake its cause.

"You have lost the suit," said she and would have proceeded to make light of it, but he interrupted her.

"On the contrary," said he, "I have I went crazy on the last day won. and made a speech which was a wondrons triumph of rhetoric over law and common sense. Sympathetic insanity seized upon the jury, and they decided in my favor. Where is Mr. Randall?"

"He has gone out upon a launch, I don't know where."

"Mr. Dillon is with him?" "No."

Bryce regarded her keenly.

"Some misunderstanding has arisen between them?" said he. "I violate no confidence," she replied.

"for you will be informed as soon as you see Mr. Randall. Mr. Dillon has been speculating and has involved himself in serious difficulty. Mr. Ranfall is greatly displeased."

Bryce understood as clearly as possible that Amy saw her own release in this and that she was unable to restrain her joy even though it came through another's misconduct and disgrace. This was exactly Bryce's own position. He carried in his pocket the absolute proof of Dillon's treacherythat he had sold Randall's secrets in the suit so hardly won. Despite the man's probity to the promptings of see how Dillon could be spared. To its moorings, toward that spot.

attempt it seemed now doubly furth since the man's exposure and acready begun. Beyond a doned the path of Bryce's love now lay open before him, and he read success in Ann's ye The time had not come for words, but the hearts of these two lovers make a each other in the warm shadows theill ing with wildwood scens beady as

It happened that the Cliff was inxed to its capacity and Bryce must seek she poured it into her doll's mouth. accommodation eisewhere. After din ner, therefore, he took a rowboat and pulled across to a neighboring botel, for? the Vale.

As Bryce rowed along in the darkness be could see a certain light on a verauda of the Cliff. It was a bright lantern on a table before the door of Amy's room. If he held a true cours: the corner of the hotel would cut this light off from Bryce's view, but by keeping a very little outside the line he could have it to look at, and he amused himself by just preserving his beacon from eclipse. His meditations were of the most agreeable character. but they were rudely interrupted by



TEERE WAS NO ANSWER.

collision with a submerged ledge that very nearly upset the boat. No harm was done, however, and he proceeded apon his errand.

Having secured accommodation at the Vale, he returned to the Cliff, for he and resolved to see both Randall and Dillon that night.

Silence and solitude reigned every where, for Muskoka goes early to bed. No sign of human habitation is visible from the pier, for the trees blde the horel completely.

There is a tiny shed on the pier, and as Bryce turned in that direction after making fast his boat Ballard Dilon stepped out directly in his path. "I was waiting for you," said Dillon

and the next instant he thrust a revolvor into Bryce's face. "We must have a little talk, but not here. Get back into the boat."

Bryce obeyed because he knew Dil on. A threat from that man was not subject to any discount. In spite of his many weaknesses of character he was one who would not display weapon in mere bravado, but with the intent and the nerve to use it.

Bryce got into the boat, and Dillon followed him, sitting in the stern and commanding Bryce to take the oars. "Now puil," said he and pointed with the revolver.

A few strokes brought the boat out into the sweep of the wind, and she saw the light before the door of Amy's

"I know what you did in New York." said Dillon. "I've had word from there. I know what you've got in your pocket. Now, I can't afford to have that evidence delivered to Mr. Randall. I'm in trouble enough already, Muskoka lakes at the pier of the hotel but I can smooth it over. Your story would put me beyond help."

"Do you expect me to promise to be silent?" asked Bryce and stopped row-

"Keep on with those oars," said Dillon sternly, but he did not answer the question.

In a flash Bryce saw into the other's mind. His death alone would make Dillon safe. His silence would not be secured by a promise, but by a pistol shot and the waters of the lake.

Bryce looked up at the bright light on the veranda of the Cliff, and an inspiration seemed to come from it. He shaped his course as he had shaped it before. His life was in Amy's hands, and she did not know it. If she should extinguish that light his guide to safety would be gone.

He saw Dillon draw in his breath. His teeth gleamed in the darkness, revealed by the straining of the thin

"Stop rowing," said he. "Give me those papers." And he stood up in the boat, with both hands extended. Bryce, knowing that he must be near the place, rowed on. His eyes were fixed upon the light.

"Stop, I tell you!" commanded Dilon, bending farther forward.

The boat struck the rock. A wave was under her stern, and she came down the harder.

Dillon was flung clear beyond Bryce. He struck beavily upon the rail and went over the side. The revolver was discharged, but harmlessly. The boat was swept clear of the

ledge and filled, her bow being stove in. Bryce clung to her and shouted to Dillon, who was now disarmed, for his revolver had fallen into the boat There was no answer. The man was a strong swimmer, yet he did not rise to the surface. He must have been stunned by his fall, for the lake held him. He was never seen again.

Bryce worked his way to shore with the swamped craft. He looked back toward the Cliff, and the bright lamp was still there, but as he gazed i flickered as if beckoning and then was obligations of honor which rivalry in quenched. Bryce stood with out love imposes, he had not been able to stretched hands, his heart straining at

Cute Little Girl.

One day while Katherine's mother was ill a cup of beef tea was prepared for her, but Katherine fancied it and drank almost all of it. Her father was about to scold her when her moth or said:

"Never mind; it does me just as much good to see her drink it."

Shortly after this a dose of easter oll was prepared for Katherine, and "Why Katherine," said her aston-

ished mother, "what did you do that "That's all right," Katherine replied, "It will do me just as much good if

she drinks it."-Boston Herald.

Jiggs-I tell you that new landford of mine is a pretty square fellow. Blggs-So's mine, but he's niways round on rent day. Judge.

King Edward's Kindness.

One of the incidents that showed King Edward's kindly nature occurred at Longchamps, France, in May, 1903, when he and President Loubet were at the races together. Just before the blg event of the day the king lowered the glasses through which he had been examining the horses at the starting post, and turning to one of the officials in the tribune said: "A poor woman over there seems to be having a bad time with the police. I wish you would be good enough to send over and order them to handle her more gently." The object of the king's sympathy proved to be a hawker who had inadvertently strayed into one of the reserved inclosures, and was being bustled out with unnecessary violence. Thanks to the king's intervention she was allowed to remain until after the race, and then took her denaringe in neace

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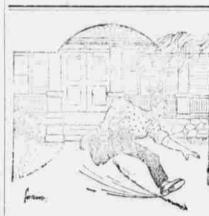
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